

DODGE CITY TIMES.

OWENS & MENDENHALL, Proprietors.
D. F. OWENS, Editor.
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WHEN THE SUN WENT DOWN.

His parents, they objected, and her father, he said "no." But Paul, he followed sweet Pauline wherever she did go. He roved across the river, for they lived near from town. And they met beneath the beeches when the sun went down.

CHORUS.
When the sun went down, when the sun went down,
And they met beneath the beeches when the sun went down.

She lived across the river and he in Ohio,
And a white cloth on the rose-bush told the lover where to go.
That meant that "Pa" has gone away, you need not fear the frown.
So young Paul roved the river when the sun went down.

Oh, the twilight is for kisses, vulgar day is not for love,
For the lovers' star is Venus, fair and far she shines above.
Handsome Paul and pretty Pauline sat on tree trunk bare and brown,
As he just had roved the river when the sun went down.

And they talked, cheeks close together, of a wedding and a flight,
And had come in boat so lonely, but it carried two that night.
For at Aberdeen they landed and were married in the town.
Such a handsome, happy couple, as the sun went down.

CHORUS.
When the sun went down, when the sun went down,
And they didn't sit late talking when the sun went down.

—William Kinross, in N. Y. Graphic.

"The Greens Green of Kentucky lovers."

"CORONATION."

How Its Singing Saved a Skating Party From Drowning.

I remained in the office later than usual one night, staid until that quiet hour comes—if indeed there is any quiet hour in a great busy city like this—which is between the time the laborers are going home from their toil and the pleasure seekers are hastening to places of amusement. When at length I did put up the books and papers for the day I was minded not to take the broad business street that led toward home, but a humbler one, chiefly occupied by little shops and the cottages of small traders and the better class of laborers. On this street there was no jostle of passers on the sidewalk, no clatter of carriages on the uneven pavement.

Most of the persons on the street were in little groups and were going in the same direction that I was. I watched them as they turned and entered an unpretending wooden building a few blocks in advance of me. As I neared it I saw that it was a church, though much it differed from those imposing edifices where the rich and fashionable meet to worship, if indeed they do assemble for such a purpose. There were no broad, marble steps, no ornate columns, no windows of stained glass, no lofty pointed spire. The old dilapidated meeting house on the north side of Fulton street is very plain. I approached it and looked in. The interior was in keeping with the outside. There was no frescoed ceiling, no waving tapestry, no finely finished pulpit, no upholstered seats. It was just a common meeting house, the like of which can be seen almost anywhere in the country.

I stood in the vestibule for a time with such of the congregation as had come late. I saw that it was near the conclusion of the opening prayer, and that the worshippers were upon their knees. There was a little pause after this exercise, during which those who were about me entered and took their seats. Then the minister rose, and, without hardly looking at his book, read, or rather recited, the old familiar hymn:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

"Crown Him, ye martyrs of His God,
Who from His altars call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all."

"Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all."

"Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wondrous word and gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all."

"Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The hymn was finished, and the reader sat down. There was no peal of the organ, no sound of the violin, but all the congregation sang the words to the glorious notes of "Coronation."

I have no appreciation of music, and am not affected by it; and it may be that at this time my feelings were not moved by the melody of the singers. There seemed to come, mingling with theirs, the notes of music sang long years before by singers whose voices were then attuned to sing for "holier ears than ours." They were not, in truth, the voices of the young men and women about me that I seemed to hear, but those of Deacon Titus and Elder Prescott and others, both men and women, whose songs I heard so often in the days of my boyhood. I was not in the portal of a church in a noisy Western city, but standing among the worshippers in an old New England meeting-house.

And so I left the place where I seemed to be an intruder, rejoicing in my heart that though men die, their songs live on, and the singers themselves enjoy a sort of spiritual existence. But it was not alone the memory of the dead singers that the hymn brought back to me, but the recollection of a scene in which the tune of "Coronation" played a most important part. It was not the atonement that I thought of, but how the singing of the hymn I had just heard once saved my life and the lives of others who were dear to me.

It was—I do not remember the precise year—but it was when I was about seventeen years old and was living in the New England village where I was

born and from which I had hardly ever been away. It was a pleasant old town, built in colonial days, and which contained few inhabitants who were not descended from the early Puritan settlers. It was situated as most New England towns are, among the hills, and was on the eastern side of a lake some two miles long and about a mile wide. That lake—or pond, as we called it—furnished most of the pleasure for the people in the village. There we swam, fished and boated in the summer, and when the cold of winter had made solid the surface of its pure water, there we skated till the fall of the unwelcome snow. On the east side there was a succession of green fields and orchards, while most of the western shore was lined by a primeval forest of pine trees. Only one clearing had been made among those old cone-bearing trees, and that was a recent one and embraced but a few acres. The great trunks of the trees had been hauled to a ship-building town on the Kennebec for spars for vessels, while the branches had been piled in heaps among the huge rocks that occupied most of the ground.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, the only holiday that New England knows much about, and about which the rest of the world knows so very little. For three nights before the cold had been very severe for the time of year, and the newly-formed ice was as smooth and clear as a looking-glass. The Portland stage and the extra carriages that accompanied it had brought in most of the persons who were expected to join in the family reunions. Brave boys came from the stores of Boston and the saw-mills of Oldtown. Brave girls, beautiful in the devotion they showed to the families they were supporting at home, came from the cotton-mills at Lowell and Manchester. Houses where plain food had been served for many a week were now stocked with luxuries, for to-morrow was Thanksgiving, "the gladdest, merriest day" of all the year.

What were we to do on that day besides go to church and eat the feast that had been so long in preparation? Such was the question asked by my strong, earnest, older friend, who had come down from Boston to spend Thanksgiving. "Skate, of course," I answered. "But why not try the ice to-night?" he asked. I could see no reason, and so we went down to the shore of the pond, fastened on our skates, and flew, as it were, over the glassy surface to the cove, where the piles of resinous boughs stood. Once there, we conceived the idea of skating back to the village, collecting the young men and women, boys and girls, taking suitable provisions for a picnic, placing them all in sleighs and on sleds, drawing them over to this place, and eating a supper on the rocks, amid the glare of the burning tree-tops.

We were not long in carrying out our plans, for almost every house had its sleigh and skaters, and the persons who were destitute of either were taken care of by their neighbors. In an hour the little lake was in possession of the merriest skating party it had ever known. And then the supper, the bonfires, the songs and the merry-making. Even now I shudder to think of such boisterous sport with impending death so very near. The sport was over at length, the apples and mince pies eaten, the cider drunk, the songs sung, the stories told, and the once great flames among the resinous pine needles were now smoldering among the larger limbs or lingering in the stumps and roots. It was clearly time to go, and the company was arranging itself in little groups as it had done when it came over.

"The all the sleighs and sleds together," my strong friend shouted, as he stood upon a rock among the lingering flames. The order from the leader was soon obeyed. The little vehicles were arranged from ten to twenty feet apart, according to the length of the ropes or leading lines that we had, and three or four skaters were stationed between them. Then two much longer ropes were stretched on either side, of which some twenty skaters took hold. With a shout and a whoop, such as Indians give when rushing into battle, we started on the ice. The line, first straight, or wavering where the poorest skaters were, soon took the form of a crescent, and with the clamor of voices and the grating of the skates we proceeded right joyfully.

My strong friend and I were on the same side, and held the place nearest the sleighs. We had not proceeded far before I perceived that the ice was clearly in front of us, and I could clearly hear it crack, and the noise of the skaters. I spoke not a word, but looked intently into my companion's face. I only thought that so long as we kept in motion as we were then doing, we might pass the terrible danger. But I knew very well if the true state of affairs became known a panic would spread along the line, some skaters would drop out, and the sleighs and their precious burden must sink to the bottom.

I can never forget the horror of that moment—a moment that seemed an age. I was faint myself, but I shuddered lest some skater should fall or learn the situation. I could not speak for fear, but I most feared that other voices would stop and that the cracking of the ice should be heard by the women, who would be sure to scream. My eyes were fixed on my companion's face. I was fairly drawn along over the curving ice, that seemed to rise higher before us every moment. Cold sweat was on my forehead, but I could not loosen my hand from the rope to wipe it off. My friend noticed that I was lagging—I, who was so expert a skater. His eye caught mine, and by that sort of intuitive knowledge we are endowed with in times of great danger, he became aware of our dreadful situation, heard the cracking of the ice, saw it, felt it rising in front of us.

What did the strong man do? Fleed like a coward from the dangers he had brought us to, and escape to the land? Did the alarm seize him that had empowered me? Far otherwise. Raising his voice so it could be heard over the din of the skaters and the merry voices

of those in the sleighs, he shouted: "Sing Coronation! all sing, so we can time our strokes," and without lowering his voice he sang:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

The order came so unexpectedly that few joined in singing this verse, but when it came to the next stanza almost all the voices were heard, I felt a sort of relief when the soprano, alto, tenor and bass voices all struck the words:

"Crown Him, ye martyrs of His God,
Who from His altars call."

But I feared the time when the bass would be left to carry a line alone. There were but three or four bass voices in the entire company, but my friend was numbered among them. I noticed that he husbanded his breath for this, as a strong man saves his strength for some great effort. Nevertheless, I could hear alternating with the words:

"Extol the stem of Jesse's rod," the crack—crack—crack—crack—the crack of the brittle shell that was between us and eternity. It was a wondrous relief when four parts instead of one, and a hundred voices instead of four took on the words, which sounded like an anthem of praise:

"Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all."

We were now approaching the middle of the lake, where the water was the deepest; so deep, indeed, that no line in the village could reach the bottom, and where the ice must be the thinnest because it was the last to freeze there. I knew this, but I felt that we were going with such rapidity there would be no new danger so long as there was no break in the singing. I singled out a tree on the shore we were trying to make, and calculated if, at the rate we were then singing, there were verses enough to last until we reached. I feared lest the leader might omit a stanza, as was sometimes done in church, and there might be a pause over which we would be left to pass in silence, or with nothing to disturb the silence but the cracking of the ice.

I had no cause for alarm, however, in the matter. There was, indeed, that dreadful crack—crack of the ice distinctly heard during the singing of one line in each stanza of the hymn, but it was either that I had become more accustomed to it or because it was more faint than a little time before that it failed to affect me as at first. So, there was a little breath of ice to be passed over after the singers had closed the verses:

"Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all."

But our momentum was then such that I knew we should reach the shore in safety, which we soon did. On reaching the shore there was the same boisterous noise that marked our start, each one untying his sled or sleigh and joining the little party with which he came. But of the peril through which they had passed, which the danger from which they had been rescued, no one of them had the slightest intimation. The two who knew all remained on the sandy beach after the party had gone to their homes. Their arms were about each other's necks as they knelt, and a tram or closed the lips that would have prayed. The next day was Thanksgiving. Singularly enough, the opening hymn in the church service was the one that was sung on the ice, but it was not strange that two hands holding hymn-books trembled when all the congregation sang "Coronation."

Rodney Welch, in Chicago Times.

NOTE.—This sketch, an actual incident in my life, was written substantially as it is here nearly twenty years ago, and published in a weekly paper issued in this city. The religious press kindly took it up and carried it, I believe, round the globe. It was printed in a paper on the banks of the Clyde, and in one on the banks of the Ganges. I saw it in several papers published in Australia and New Zealand. About a year after it was published I received a letter from a minister located in the northern part of New England setting forth the troubles he had encountered in finding the author of the story. I was informed that it had been read at a prayer meeting in his church, and that "it had been the means of putting spiritual life into his society, and calling many back-sliders, and converting twenty-seven sinners." For once, only once, I presume, I had written better than I knew. This incident has led me to inquire how many of us, engaged in the hard, dull drudgery of common life, writing to fill a space in a newspaper, planting trees, tending the sick, repairing old clothes, minding babies and doing housework—unloved, unappreciated, uncared for, so we think—may be all unconsciously making stars to wear in a crown of glory forever and a day? R. W.

THE GENIUS OF THE BOTTLE.

There's a queer little bottle stands here on my desk,
It is shaped like a boat and is quite picturesque,
With a figure-head just the least little grotesque.

It holds in its depths, though you never may know it,
And I may not wholly be able to show it,
The treasures of romance, pandit and poet.

There are staid, sober facts for the solemn and wise,
And fables for those who like truth in disguise;
There are sweet dreams and fancies that point to the skies.

There are songs that are sweet as the voice of the lark,
There are jests that belong to the days of the ark,
There are arrows of wit that fly straight to the mark.

And tales of devotion, of honor and truth,
And stories of danger and beauty and ruth,
That quicken the pulse in the bosom of youth.

There are truths that flash out like a sword in the fight,
That shine like a star in the darkness of night,
To guide straying feet from the wrong to the right.

There are sweet psalms of faith, full many I ween,
And songs for sorrow, and praises serene,
And glad songs of strength whereon weakness may lean.

All this in the bottle, although I can't prove it,
And the Genius stands there in his glory above it.
This strange little bottle, Ah, me! how I love it!

And whatever he gives of his marvelous store,
With pride that is humble I bring to your door,
And grateful and happy I pray you to own.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas to Frank P. Hamrichouser, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson, in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to Ellen F. Hupp, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by Geo. A. Barker in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Barker, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to Robert M. Frame, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by Hiram A. Gardner in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Gardner, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to William B. Frame, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by Henry S. Phelps in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Phelps, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to Thomas L. Weaver, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to Willis D. Slusser and C. E. Slusser, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by J. M. Barton in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Barton, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to John P. McCown, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to Clarence Hodges, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to J. M. Burson and Ann M. Burson, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The state of Kansas, to Gabriel Cleven and Mary E. Cleven, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by Nancy D. Parsons in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Parsons, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property, in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 31 in township 27 south of range 25 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The state of Kansas, Ford county, ss:
In the District Court.
C. H. Thompson vs.
John J. Funk.
By virtue of an execution, duly issued to the undersigned Sheriff of Ford county, Kan., out of the district court of the 25th judicial district, in and for the county of Kansas, upon a judgment rendered in said court against John J. Funk, in favor of C. H. Thompson as sheriff, said execution having been duly levied and appraisement had, I will on Saturday, July 21st, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the west door of the court house in Dodge City, Kansas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which said John J. Funk had on the 6th day of March, A. D. 1888, or at any time since, in and to the north-east one fourth of section twelve in township twenty-seven south, of range twenty-two west, in Ford county and state of Kansas.

H. B. Bell, Sheriff, Ford Co., Kas.
Sheriff's office, June 19th, A. D. 1888.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The state of Kansas, Ford county, ss:
In the District Court.
R. G. Cook vs.
Wm. P. Adams.
By virtue of an execution issued to me the undersigned Sheriff of Ford county, out of the district court of the 16th judicial district in and for Ford county, on a transcript from the justice of the peace court of John B. Moffet, wherein I am commanded, out of the goods and chattels, and for want of goods and chattels, then out of the sum of \$9.35 as costs from said justice's court, together with \$2.50 costs in the 16th judicial district, and \$20 accruing costs in the case of R. G. Cook vs. Wm. P. Adams. Therefore, pursuant to said order, I will on Saturday, July 21st, A. D. 1888, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the west door of the court house in Dodge City, Ford county, Kansas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real estate property of R. G. Cook. The same having been by me duly levied upon and appraised, to-wit: Commencing at a point on the east line of the southwest quarter of section 18, township 26 south, of range 24 west, 79 feet from the south-east corner of the above described quarter section line, to the northeast corner of said quarter section, thence west on north line 47 feet, thence due north 150 feet, thence east 47 feet to place of beginning. Containing two acres and four and one half feet, in the town of Wright, Ford Co., Kas.

H. B. Bell, Sheriff, Ford Co., Kan.
Sheriff's office, June 20th, 1888.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the District Court, in and for Ford County Kansas.
By virtue of an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the above named court, on a judgment in said court in favor of Peter Smith, and the other in favor of Oliver Marsh, and both against Perry Wilson, and to me directed and delivered, I am commanded to sell the following land located in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 10, and southwest quarter of section 17, of range 25, and township 26 south, of range 24 west, 79 feet from the south-east corner of the above described quarter section line, to the northeast corner of said quarter section, thence west on north line 47 feet, thence due north 150 feet, thence east 47 feet to place of beginning. Containing two acres and four and one half feet, in the town of Wright, Ford Co., Kas.

H. B. Bell, Sheriff, Ford Co., Kan.
Sheriff's Office May 31st, 1888.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the District Court, in and for Ford county Kansas.
By virtue of an order of sale issued by the Clerk of the above named court on a judgment in favor of F. C. Cuning, and J. M. Doan, and against Perry Wilson, and to me directed and delivered, I am commanded to sell the following land located in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The northeast quarter of section 10, and southwest quarter of section 17, of range 25, and township 26 south, of range 24 west, 79 feet from the south-east corner of the above described quarter section line, to the northeast corner of said quarter section, thence west on north line 47 feet, thence due north 150 feet, thence east 47 feet to place of beginning. Containing two acres and four and one half feet, in the town of Wright, Ford Co., Kas.

H. B. Bell, Sheriff, Ford Co., Kan.
Sheriff's Office May 31st, 1888.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The state of Kansas, Ford county, ss:
In the District Court.
John C. Kimbrell vs.
D. B. Henderson.
By virtue of an order of sale to me delivered issued out of the 16th judicial district court of the State of Kansas, setting in and for Ford county, in said state, I will on Saturday, June 24, A. D. 1888, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the west door of the court house in Dodge City, Kansas, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the right title and interest which the above named Defendant had on the 24th day of Dec. A. D. 1887, or at any time since that date, to the following described property to-wit:
The North East quarter of section No. twenty-nine (29) in Township No. twenty-eight (28) South of Range No. twenty-five (25) west.

H. B. Bell, Sheriff, Ford Co., Kansas.
Sheriff's Office, April 30th, A. D. 1888.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The State of Kansas to John W. Groves, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The south-east quarter of section 31, in township 26 south, of range 24 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, which I have affixed at my office in said county, this 29th day of June, 1888. L. E. McGARRY, Clerk of the District Court.

PUBLICATION SUMMONS.

The State of Kansas to John P. Nixon and Catherine Nixon, greeting:
You are hereby notified that you have been sued by S. L. Nelson in the district court of Kansas, in and for the county of Ford, and that unless you answer or otherwise plead to the petition filed in said court by said Nelson, on or before the 1st day of October, 1888, said petition will be taken as true and judgment rendered against you accordingly, foreclosing a mortgage executed and delivered by you to W. T. Coolidge, dated August 1st, 1887, on the following described real property in Ford county, Kansas, to-wit:
The south-east quarter of section 31, in township 26 south, of range 24 west of the 6th principal meridian, and for the sale of said real property, without appraisal, to pay the debt secured by said mortgage.